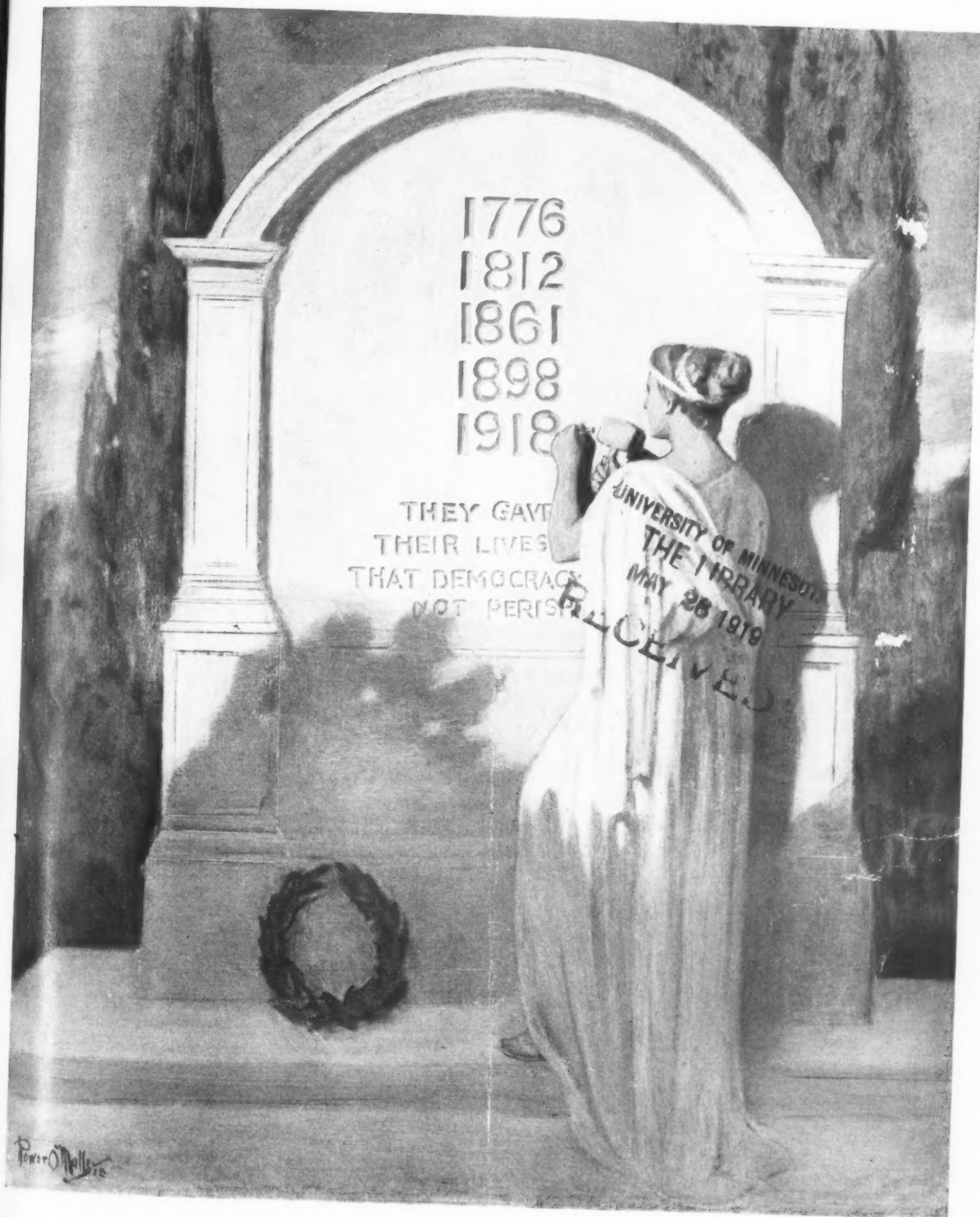
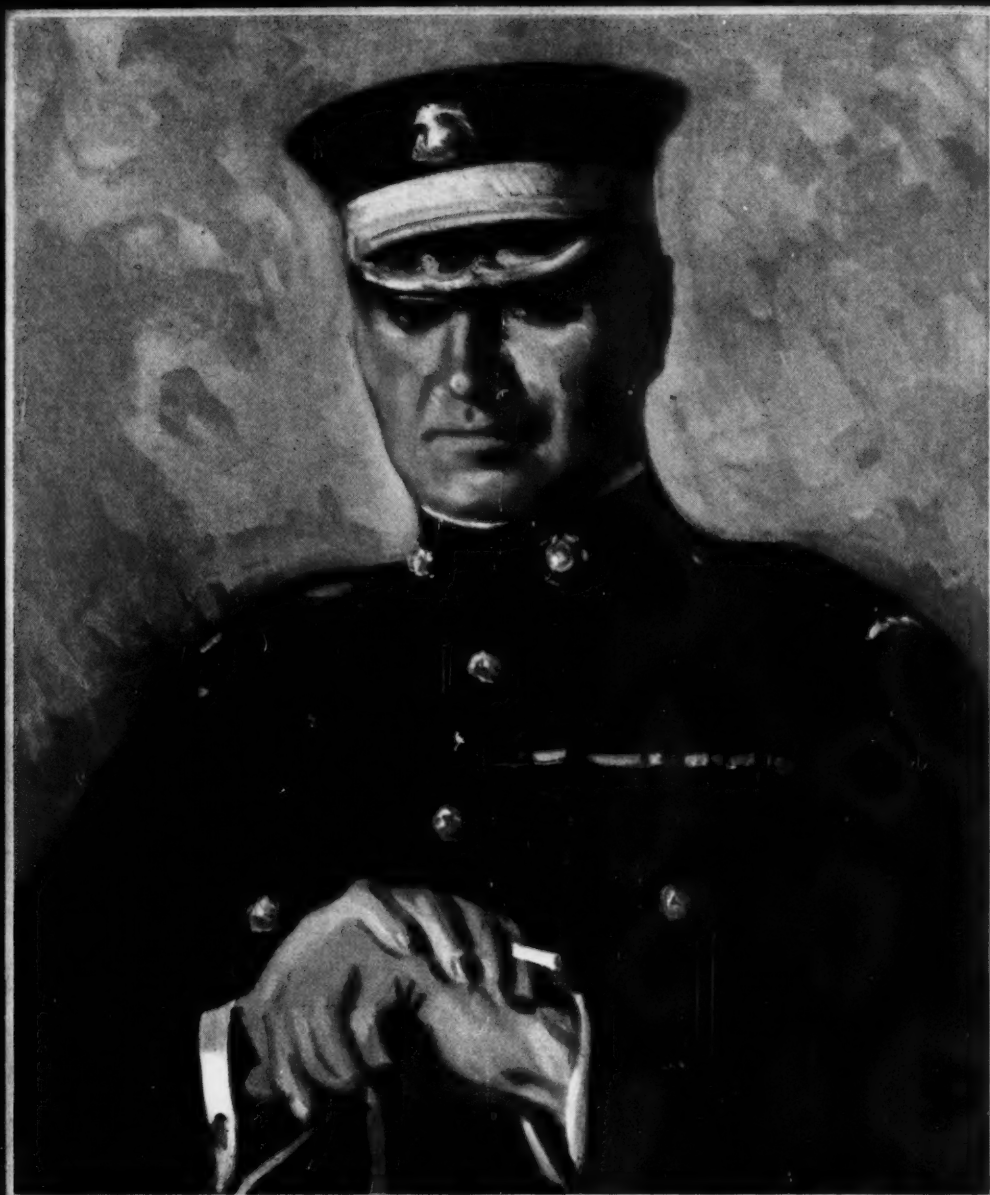


NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines.
No Wrapping—No Address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

NOT only with the Marines, but with the entire Navy, among officers and men alike, Fatimas seem to have a decided preference.

Reports from our salesmen, for example, show that aboard our various naval vessels,

over 80% of the cigarettes sold at the Officers' Mess are Fatimas.

This preference is due not alone to Fatimas' pleasing taste, but also we believe, to the fact that even if a man occasionally smokes more often than usual, Fatimas leave him feeling as he should feel.

FATIMA

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

A Sensible Cigarette

Rhymed Reviews

"Shavings"

(By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co.)

A GENTLE soul, if slightly odd,
Jedidah Edgar Wilfred Winslow,
Thy shores he trod, O salt Cape Cod,
Where wise fish keep their dorsal fins
low.

His job was making whirligigs
And vane to show the wind's direc-
tion—
Blue sailors, ships of sundry rigs,
Green whales and toys of like com-
plexion.

He owned a shrewd but flighty head,
A heart of normal human cravings;
And decent people called him "Jed,"
While others mostly styled him "Shav-
ings."

He couldn't harm a living thing;
He spared his neighbor's thieving
tabby;

He sort of took beneath his wing
Ruth Armstrong and her daughter,
Babbie.

Now, Babbie's Uncle Charlie came
To Orham by the sad sea water,
And loved a maiden, Maud by name,
The village banker's only daughter.

And Maud, to help along the tale,
Was just as much in love with Charlie;
But Charles, it seems, was fresh from
jail!

Which made the prospect dark and
snarly.

However, Charles marched off to war
By Jed's command, or counsel rather,
Which deed will clear his tainted score
And put him right with Maudie's
father.

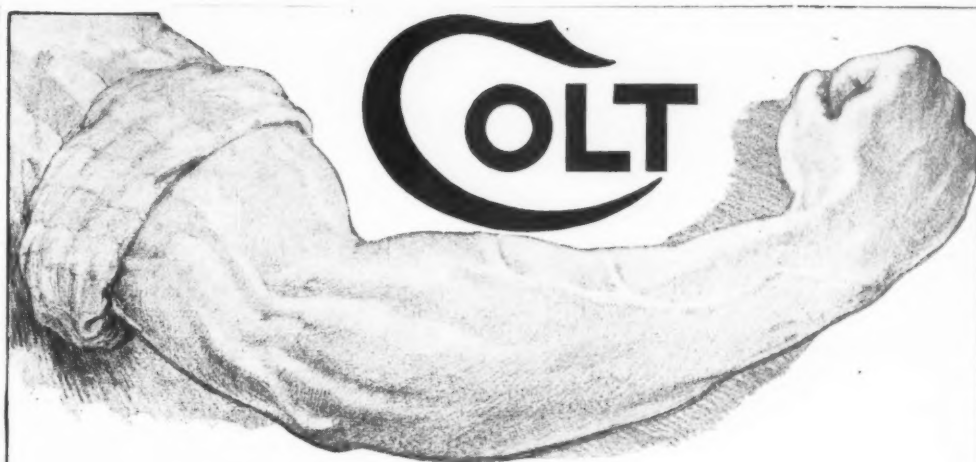
This novel doesn't weigh a ton,
And Jed's remarks are most amusing;
So Mr. Lincoln's gone and done
Another book that's worth perusing.

Arthur Guiterman.



"ARE THERE NO LIMITS TO YOUR OPTI-
MISM?"

"SURE! YOU SEE THAT SIGN? WELL, I
BELIEVE IT—BUT I WON'T GO IN AND TEST
IT!"



"The World's Right Arm"

STRENGTH! Might sustained by right. The
Huns backed across the Rhine facing two million
straight-shooting Yanks.

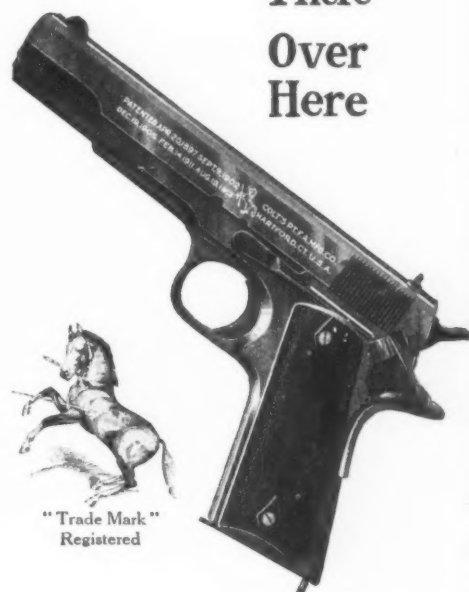
To supply Colt's Firearms to the gallant boys who
went over there was our
business. To use them
right was theirs. Did
they? **THEY DID.**

And *now* we are making
COLTS so you can own a
Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt
Revolver.

Do not accept "the next best."
You want *Colt* protection for
your home. For accuracy, de-
pendability and safety—every
world struggle since 1836 has
proved there is nothing like a
Colt. Its glorious associations
will make you proud to own
one.

It would be well to tell your
dealer the size and model Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver
you prefer to guide him in his order.

Over
There
Over
Here



COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.

HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Colt's Revolvers
Colt's Automatic Pistols

Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Rifles



• HENRY • HUTT •

"Yaas'm, my number o' LIFE's
gwine to come nex' week"

The Dixie Number of

Life

Everywhere on sale next Tuesday

To Keep in Touch With the World

one should see all these special numbers, and all are included in regular subscriptions.

Our soldiers and sailors all ask for LIFE in preference to any other periodical. Copies can be sent to the A. E. F. in France at domestic rates, provided no local foreign address be given.

**Special
Offer**

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find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
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Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



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Winds any make or model phonograph electrically. Easily attached without marring woodwork—positive in operation. Simply touch a button to wind your phonograph.

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JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
29 West 35th St. New York 57 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

How to Approach Returning Heroes

(Never deviate from this list of questions, except in the case noted)

FRIENDLY—How does it seem to be back?

WICKED—Are the girls of France as pretty as they say?

CURIOS—What's all this we hear about the Y. M. C. A.?

MR. HEARST'S READERS—Why don't the Tommies get along with our boys?

POLITICAL—What do they think of Wilson in France?

ANTI-ADMINISTRATION—Did you ever see an American { gun? aeroplane? gas mask?

MORRID—How many

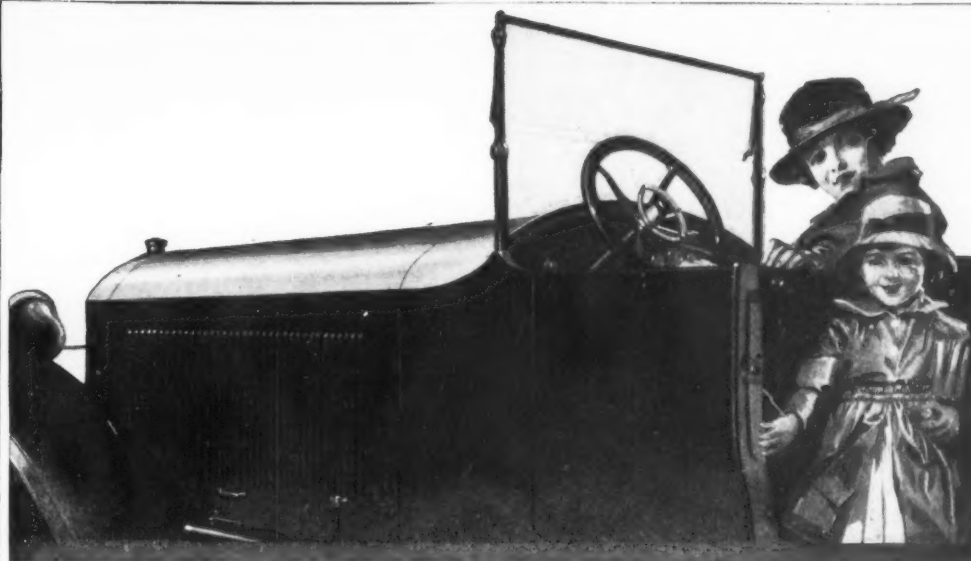
Huns { decorations? wounds? } did you { kill? receive? suffer?

PATRIOTIC—Will the rest of 'em admit that our boys won the war?

INTERESTED IN THE WAR—Did you ever run across my { friend Jones? office boy? wife's cousin?

HUMAN—What'll you have?

The Exception: On auspicious occa-



A Difference—and a Superiority

THE superior difference in the Liberty appearance is as pronounced as the superior difference in the quality of its performance.

Your impulse will be to accept the Liberty without reservation on the first ten minute ride.

Hundreds have done that, and have found their satisfaction deepened with

every added day's experience.

If you could talk with half a dozen Liberty owners, in addition, there could be no doubt of your decision.

They would corroborate, in most conclusive terms, your own impressions of the in-built quality of the Liberty, and dwell upon the continued ease and comfort for owner and driver.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX

A Changed Man

The reporter, his fresh young face alight with enthusiasm, was interviewing the colored man who had lived one hundred and ten years. And the colored man, with fame perched on his doorstep in a straw hat and with ready pencil, was doing his best.

"No, sah," replied the colored centenarian plus. "Ah used to 'member seein' Lincoln. But since I j'ined de African Methodist Church, Ah doan' 'member seein' him no moah."

—San Francisco Chronicle.



The Vacation for Outdoor Men and Women

The summer climate is always cool and invigorating in The Highlands of Ontario, Canada's lovely vacation region. Every summer pleasure can be enjoyed out doors—fishing, boating, golfing, swimming and camping.

For any of the offices of the Grand Trunk Railway listed below for free rates and information about "Algonquin Park"—"Kawartha Lakes"—"Shela Lakes"—"Timagami"—"Lake of Bays"—or "20,000 Islands of Rain Bay"—Modern hotels to suit the pockets of everyone.

E. Ortenburger, 907 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

R. Eastman, Room 510, 294 West Washington St., Boston, Mass.

M. Morgan, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

J. Burpis, 819 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

J. Brown, 1270 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

For rates, boys' or girls' camp sites, apply to

G. Chaston, General Passenger Department,

Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian) 1.3, Foreign 1.5, Send Live months to

ers; no sub

ork. 93

ign, \$6.04.)



I'd be scared to death without WEED TIRE CHAINS

Take Warning

Put on your WEED TIRE CHAINS

When the roads and pavements are slippery and uncertain.



"When I've got them on the tires I know where I'm at—but when I leave them off I don't know what's going to happen.

"Look at that fellow over there—see! He didn't put on his chains. Took a chance—thought he was some careful driver. He got what was coming to him—a dished wheel and a nice big bill for repairs. Lucky nobody was hurt.

"Did you ever notice that us fellows who know our jobs—taxi drivers and paid chauffeurs—hardly ever have an accident because we have learned to be careful and never take chances. But look out for the average driver. He is inclined to be "stuck on" his driving. Hits it up—cuts corners—neglects his brakes—doesn't anticipate a skid. He gets into trouble himself and other road users don't feel safe when he is about.

"I'd be scared to death on slippery, greasy pavements and muddy roads if I didn't have Weed Tire Chains. Bet your life I don't take any chances.

"At the first drop of rain I haul them out of the tool box and put them on all four tires. Then I'm dead sure of myself—I know where I get off at.

"Weed Chains prevent an awful lot of accidents"

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain





"Nobody Home"

IT was early morning in the Capitol of the greatest autocracy in the world. The distinguished stranger deferentially addressed the clerk of the works.

"Is the President in?"

"No, sir. He's addressing the labor delegates of Manchuria."

"Can I see the Secretary of State?"

"Touring the Andes in a government-owned flivver."

"Perchance I may have converse with the Secretary of War?"

"He's attending a Sunday-school convention in Upper Liberia."

"Oh, well, pass my card in to the Secretary of the Navy."

"Organizing a malted-milk sewing bee in Korea."

"Any other member of the Cabinet will do. I will even see a senator or a congressman."

"All scattered. Nobody home."

The distinguished stranger worked himself into another angle of acute interrogation.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Did I hear you say that there was nobody home?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that reminds me."

"Of what, sir?"

"Just an echo—a fleeting phrase—'Nobody home.' It reminds me, sir, of the early spring of the year 1919."



TACT

WHY THE SURVEYOR DECIDED NOT TO RUN THE RAILROAD THROUGH GRANDMA'S OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

My Prisoners

SONGS are prisoners of my Brain.
They sigh and sob and shout;
They call to me, "Oh, loose the chain."
How can I let them out?

A joyous Song is in my Heart.
I know it has the key
To turn my Brain's mysterious lock
And set the prisoners free.

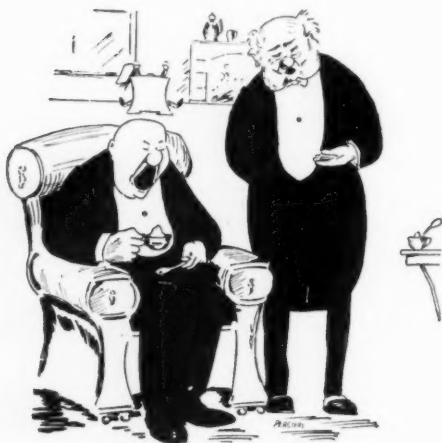
Beth Nichols.

How to Write "My War Experiences"

(Hints to Beginners)

Absolute Rules

1. Mention must positively be made of what Sherman said war was.
2. The second or third paragraph must modestly deprecate the occasional mention in the article of the writer's name.
3. Mention at frequent intervals the distinguished men you have met. Quote them as substantiating what may seem your original ideas.
4. Above all, give credit to the "bulldog-like British," the "intrepid Italians," the "long-suffering French" and the "plucky little Belgians."
5. Mention at least one incident or anecdote relative to the following:
 - (a) How the boys liked the trip across.
 - (b) The unrestrained enthusiasm of the French on the Americans' arrival.



CLUB LIFE IN 1920

First Clubman: WELL, IT'S 8:15. I BELIEVE I'LL WANDER HOME.
Second Clubman: UH-H-M-M!



CONCENTRATION

- (c) The unusually high spirits of our boys.

- (d) What General Pershing, Petain, Clemenceau or Secretary Baker said of the regiment the writer was in.

Minor Suggestions

1. If the writer was a college man, give due credit to the barbers, plumbers, clerks and painters for their "whole-souled co-operation."
2. If the writer was not a college man, give due credit to the "brains and skill" displayed by the "splendid young manhood, fresh from the campuses of our universities."
3. The story will be instantly stamped as gauche and amateurish if no reference is made to the poor training of the Germans, their undersizedness, their lack of food and their poor military strategy.

4. A weak conclusion is unforgivable. Unless the writer is a genius or George Blarney Shaw, he had better

confine himself to one of the following sure-fire hits:

- (a) A quotation (preceded by "As one of our young doughboys was heard to remark") that France was all right, but "Oh, you U. S. A.!"

- (b) A rejoicing that "right triumphed, after all," and that the victory was only another addition to our record of achievements.

- (c) The last is a little hackneyed and Cohanesque, but "it's good," as city editors say, to wit: a snappy, rousing hurrah for the "Star-Spangled Banner." (Substitute "hurrah" for "hurrah" if the story is to appear in a popular magazine, and "huzzah" if it is for the *Highbrowers' Monthly*.)

SILVER STRIPES: So she broke your engagement while you were overseas.

GOLD STRIPES: Well, not in so many words, but she rather interrupted its continuity by marrying the other fellow.



WHEN THE COUNTRY GOES DRY

IF WE GO OUT WITH THE BOYS FOR A GOOD TIME AND DRINK EIGHT OR TEN ICE-CREAM SODAS

Sherry's Shuts Down

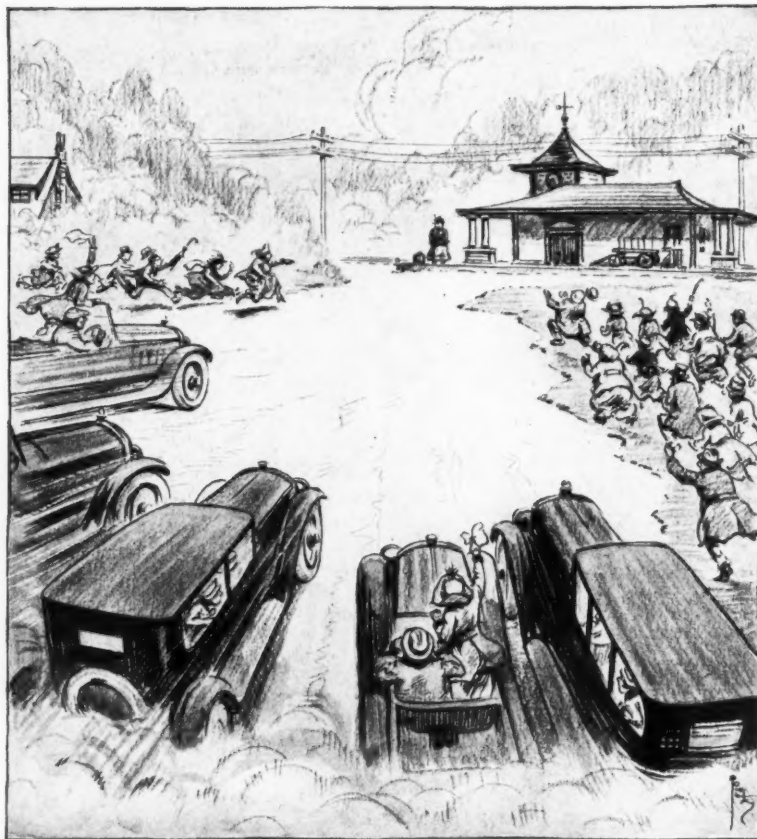
SYMPTOMS begin to appear of the change of life which is advertised for this world. New York has not changed very much yet. Prices are high, but people pay them. Rents are high, but so are wages. People come here to live more than ever. The mayor has a committee on housing which declared as lately as a fortnight ago that it did not intend to put up tents for houseless persons at present. If people can't find shelter in New York, they can't stay here. The rest of the country is not so very crowded, neither is it in possession of an enemy. New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut and the commodious states of Pennsylvania and New York, all nearby, can still hold more people, and can doubtless find sleeping room, if neces-

sary, for the redundant population of this metropolis.

But when Sherry shuts up his restaurant, that's different. That intimates some changes in life, not for people who can't live in New York, but for people who can. When Mr. Sherry says that in the face of Prohibition and "war-born Bolshevism" he feels constrained to draw in his sails as a purveyor of luxury, that is quite significant. His inclusion of Bolshevism means that he cannot any longer rely on getting such waiters as his standards of entertainment require. Private families by the thousand have made the same discovery. Waiters of acceptable talents and deportment are scarce. So are waitresses. Kitchen-maids are extinct. Housekeepers, who have been

used to have tables set and meals served and dishes washed, begin to wonder how much food is really necessary to family life and ruminate upon the possibility of cultivating a new set of habits. Such servants as there are want high wages, and get them; and food to feed them is very dear, and people whose incomes have just about covered their living expenses are detained at home making painful calculations in arithmetic.

But let us not repine. As a sign of the times, the closing of Sherry's is interesting. As a fact, it is of only limited importance. People will still be fed, and there will even be public dinners. There are still hotels, enormous and numerous, and more building all the time, and there are innumer-



A REPORT SPREADS THROUGH RIDGEVILLE THAT THERE IS A COOK AT THE STATION
LOOKING FOR WORK

able cheap restaurants which supply food, kosher or Gentile, which seems to support life.

And somehow private families will get along, and will probably, even, continue to exercise hospitalities. If all the imported Europeans who have waited these many years on the native Americans, should go home, it would probably do the native Americans a lot of good. Of course it would put them out awfully, but it would also put them to their trumps, and they have the trumps. They are as capable of taking care of themselves as any people on the earth, and though their hand is a little out just now, it could easily regain its cunning, and at a pinch they might raise children to help with the housework. In order to live it is necessary to cook food. At least that is the rule for civilized human beings. Accordingly, food will continue to be cooked, even in families which have been used to servants, but have none. Whether dishes will be washed is a separate question. Clothes will be washed, for they can be sent to laundries, but as yet there are no laundries for dishes. Perhaps, in response to need, some will be established. Beds may continue to be made, or not: who can tell? But Boards of Health will probably see to it that houses are kept clean enough to satisfy sanitary expectations.

And yet, though it is well to face the worst, it is unlikely

that the master-and-servant relation will disappear from domestic life. It is a convenient relation, and at its best very kindly, and suits a good many people. There will probably always be an appreciable number of women who will prefer domestic service, with beds and meals, under fair conditions, with modern wages and current privileges, to the activities of the shopgirl, the street-car girl or the sewing-machine worker. If the number of them does not supply the demand, there are always men who, though humble instruments, can be taught to cook and clean and make beds, as was apparent in European hotels before the war. Not even money gives anyone a divine right to have servants, but people who continue to be able to pay wages and are reasonably agreeable to live with, may continue to have a good deal done for them. Bolshevism is a novelty. Regular meals are an old habit, and likely to beat it in the long run.

E. S. M.

Never Pays

WILLIS: They say he robs Peter to pay Paul. Is that so?

GILLIS: Only half true. He robs Peter.



"HAVE YOU GOT A PRICE LIST?"

"NOT A RECENT ONE, MADAM; BUT I CAN GIVE YOU AN OLD ONE, AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO MULTIPLY EVERYTHING BY TWO."



WHO IS TO HAVE AUTHORITY OVER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES?

Short Stories



FOR some years a gentleman named O'Brien has been engaged in the courageous and somewhat pernicious pastime of publishing a book containing the best short stories of the year. He tabulates and analyzes the stories and marks them according to a system of percentages. When the book comes out each year it is eagerly read by many short-story writers, in order to see if their names have been either mentioned or their work reproduced. The fact that Mr. O'Brien has been doing this apparently since 1914 and still lives is undoubtedly to his credit. In order to make his selections he is obliged to read all the stories that are published. It is possible that Mr. O'Brien may have a trained band of assistants to help him in his arduous labors. At any rate, he has undoubtedly established quite a vogue. The result has, however, one drawback. It is necessary to wait until his book is published before you can actually know what were the best stories published during the previous year. By this time—if you happen to be a short-story writer—the style may have changed completely. After you have read Mr.



Sister: GOODNESS, WILLIE! DO YOU S'POSE WE ARE PICKING THAT BEE'S FLOWERS?



A JOYOUS MOMENT

WHEN IT SUDDENLY OCCURS TO YOU THAT YOU FORGOT TO RENEW YOUR LIABILITY INSURANCE

O'Brien's book and start in to write stories according to the models he offers, these models may be out of date. A better way, possibly, may be to go back far enough and, say, read a book of Mr. O'Brien's four or five years back. For just as certain styles in trousers come around again in four or five years, it is quite possible that the same law may apply to stories. If we could know in advance just

what kind of stories will be acceptable to magazine editors during the coming year, much time might be saved.

No respectable writer of short stories would think of doing his work without a formula. Perhaps a better plan would be for the magazine editors to meet in convention at the beginning of each literary year and agree upon the formulas to be used. For example, they might adopt the following formula for the coming year:

All short stories shall be uninteresting.

All short stories should be twice as long as they ought to be.

All short stories that are serious in their aim should be written from a humorous standpoint.

All humorous stories should be tragic.

T. L. M.

Prohibitantulus

"WHO is he?" asked Dante, "the miserable wretch approaching, so dried up and heavily laden and dragging along so wearily?"

"That is Prohibitantulus," answered Virgil, smiling behind his fan. "He is so tired—carrying an empty barrel."

SOCIETY is a place where one must know new things about others' reputations in order to be interesting.



"PLEASE, MRS. JONES, CAN YOUR LITTLE BOY COME OUT AND PLAY?"

That Arrangement of Coupons

SOME objection to the new Victory notes may be based on the unusual arrangement of the coupons. LIFE has no objection to the arrangement, particularly if two hundred dollars of the notes or of the Liberty bonds are to be used to establish a Fresh Air Endowment on the basis described below. And LIFE is quite sure that no objection will be raised by any of the chil-

dren who are to be taken from the heat and smells of the city tenement to enjoy a fortnight of country fields, running brooks and fresh air.

LIFE has received from a lady and her daughter in Wilton, Connecticut, two hundred dollars in the Third Liberty Bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 36

In Memory of G. H.

From John M. Corbett, Esq., of Bay City, Texas, we have received two hundred dollars in Fourth Liberty Bonds and \$2.02 in past-due coupons to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 37

In the name of

JOHN MICHAEL CORBETT, JR.

From S. D. G., a New York lady whose generous heart is filled with love for little children, and who makes that admirable feeling take a very practical form of expression, we have received a Liberty Bond for one thousand dollars to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS NOS. 38, 39, 40, 41 AND 42

In Memory of M. J. G., JR.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-one years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



"WHAT ARE YE GOIN' TO DO NEXT WEEK WHEN YER TIME'S UP?"

"I'M GOIN' TO BEAT IT FOR NOO YORK. THEY SAY BUSINESS IS BOOMIN' THERE IN THE SAFE-CRACKIN' LINE."

LIFE'S New Presidential Ticket



For President,
HENRY FORD



For Vice-President,
W. J. BRYAN

WE have been conferring with our candidates. Hence the slight delay in placing our ticket properly before the country.

"I believe," said Mr. Bryan, "in preparation. Otherwise a million capitalists will spring up over night."

"My arrangements for putting our government on a Bolshevistic basis," said Mr. Ford, "are proceeding with due care. The abolishment of our railroad systems and the use of Ford cars in their place appear to meet with the approval of the majority. To prevent other nations from making unexpected war upon us, we shall pay them an advance indemnity of three or four billions a year—thus insuring permanent peace on a business basis. The next thing in order is our Cabinet."

Mr. Bryan plainly showed signs of uneasiness. Hastily swallowing a beaker of malted milk, he said with some emotion:

"You must remember, gentlemen, that, in order to eke out my slender salary as Vice-President, it will be necessary for me to be absent on the Chautauqua Circle about nine months in the year. We must, therefore, have strong men in our Cabinet. Are there men in this country big enough to carry on the government during my absence? That is the important question before us."

"William," said Mr. Ford, "Tom Edison and I have talked this over, and I assure you there are. You don't know this country, William. It can always be relied upon in such crises as now confront us. Besides, we must preserve and perpetuate the ideals of our present fearless leaders. I therefore suggest the name of Col. E. M. House as Secretary of State."



Wife: OH, JOHN, WHAT WILL YOU THINK OF ME WHEN I TELL YOU PART OF THIS IS MY FAULT? I L-LEFT A FAUCET R-RUNNING!

Mr. Bryan's face visibly brightened.

"Good, Henry!" he exclaimed. "Now I know that your farseeing statesmanship *will* be fully equal to the task before us. With this fine start, and realizing that your own innate modesty would naturally prevent you from doing the right thing by the country, I suggest your son, Edsel Ford, as Secretary of War."

Henry Ford blushed with pleasure.

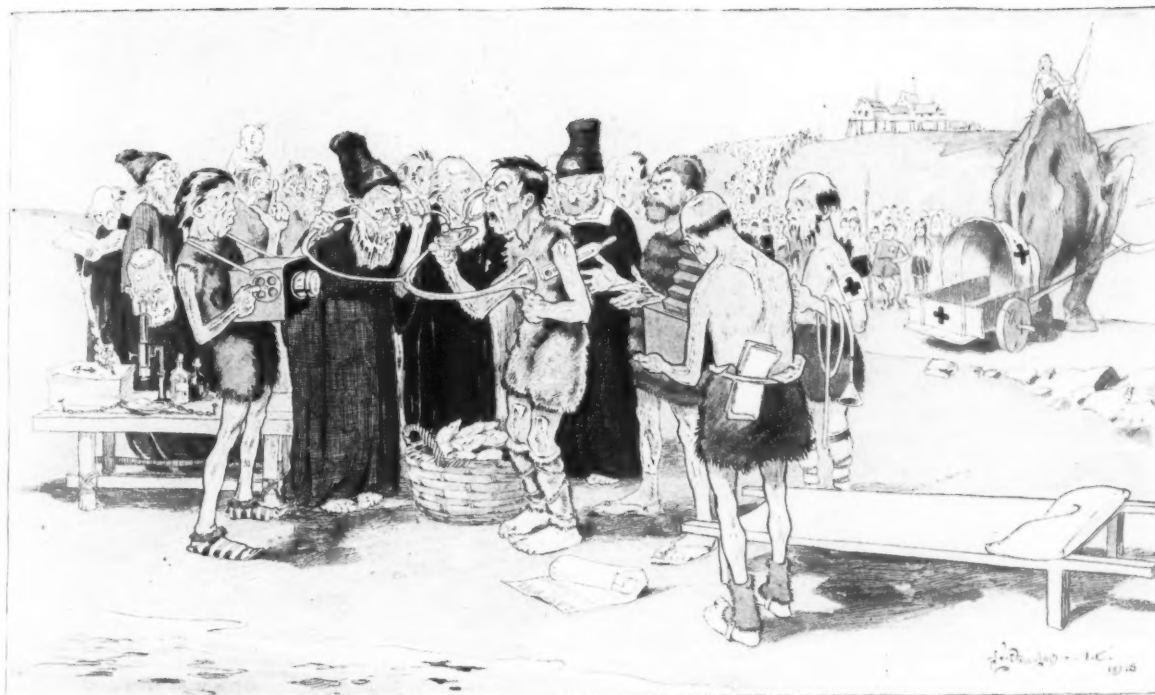
"My boy," he replied, "kept himself out of war for two or three years. If there were going to be any more war—which, of course, there isn't—he could also do that for the country. He has had undoubted experience in this matter."

We feel, therefore, that we have made an excellent beginning. As permanent Secretary of State, Colonel House can be relied upon to do the proper thing by all foreign countries. Mr. Edsel Ford needs no introduction. He is known to everybody of draft age.

Other members of the coming Cabinet will be announced later.



DANCING DOWN



FORGOTTEN HEROES

HE VOLUNTEERED TO BE THE FIRST TO TASTE AN OYSTER

Diary of a Movie Baby

MONDAY: Lowered off a four-hundred-foot cliff this morning in a dog basket. Rather enjoyed view. Attacked by a moth-eaten lion in the afternoon. Shared a dog biscuit with him later. Seemed grateful.

TUESDAY: Brought in to another mother to-day. Lying in a heaped-up bed, attended by a couple of fake doctors and a camouflaged clergyman. This ceaseless mother stunt gets on my nerves. And I'm always about four sizes too big.

WEDNESDAY: Deathbed scene this morning under gray glass. Had to be done over twice, as the deceased called aloud for a cigarette at the wrong moment. O boy! I *was* hungry.

THURSDAY: Rescued from a lake by a "hero" who imitated Charlie Chaplin. And the only nourishment I got was a pond lily!

FRIDAY: My folks must be hard up. They worked me twelve hours to-day, playing with puppies in a tenement. I'm going to strike for a minimum wage scale and six hours.

SATURDAY: Up in a plane this morn-

ing. Two bad actors got a lot of cheap amusement by holding me over the side. And no goggles on!

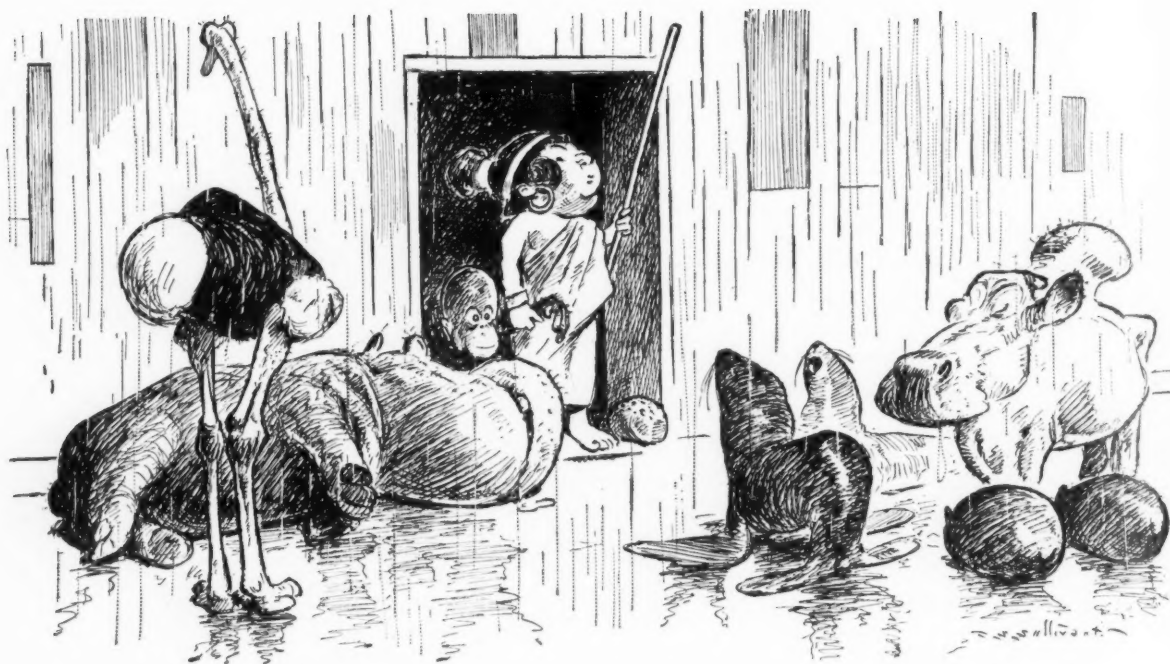
SUNDAY: Spent an hour at home with my real family, including a bunch of relatives who were looking for a rake-off from the proceeds of my engagement. Back to the movies for me!

THE CHERRY (to the Apple): When Prohibition comes you won't be squeezed any more.

THE APPLE: And you won't have any more alcohol baths.



THE AGES



Mrs. Noah (as the flood begins): MY GOODNESS! I WISH I HADN'T WASTED ALL THE TIME WATERING THE GARDEN

Genius

YOU ask how I found me
The gauds that surround me—
That Fortune so lavishly strews?
Their sole derivation
Is Versification;
This wealth is the gift of the Muse!

This marvelous mansion
Was builded on Scansion
And furnished completely by Rhyme.
(That bench in the ingle
Is merely a Jingle,
And holds only two at a time.)

My petrol eight-seater
Was purchased by Metre—
Dactylic, preferred. My abode
At wave-girt Seaconet
Is due to a Sonnet,
A Rondeau, a Lay and an Ode.

Our taxes inspired
The Lyric required
To pay them. Your lunch, by the way,
Including the salad,
Was part of a Ballad—
We live on a Stanza a day.

So hour by hour
I weave in my tower
Great Epic or Epigram small.
And how do I do it?

I thought that you knew it!—
Pure Genius, brute Genius: that's all!
A. G.

From the Editor's Standpoint

CALLER: It's an awful spring
we're having this year.

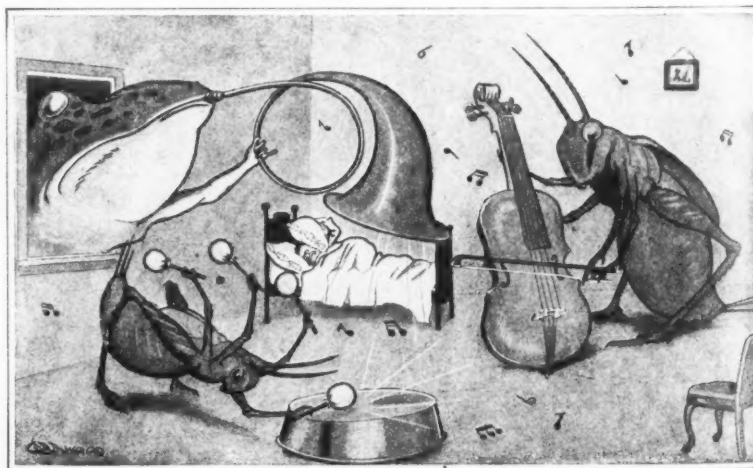
EDITOR: Yes, the poems are worse
than I ever knew them to be.

Snap Shots

NECESSITY is the mother of the
nut sundae.

The world often lies between two
hearts that beat in unison.

Fifty-two thousand wounded soldiers
from France will be a perpetual re-
minder of how soon we can forget.



HIS FIRST NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY



"WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN THE DOG, HAROLD?"
 "OH, NOTHING MUCH. HE REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING."

Fighting the Bolshevik Plant Bugs

THERE have been wails in the newspapers about plant quarantine No. 37, devised by the Department of Agriculture, which prohibits importation (except in specified cases under special conditions) of certain bulbs and plants from Europe. Importing nurserymen object pretty generally to this quarantine, and some of them in their catalogues print elaborate protests against it, setting forth hardships which they say it imposes on them and on the public that wants the shrubs and bulbs that they have been used to import, and insisting that the quarantine is unnecessary and useless. Persons who are ready to believe that the present administration sits up to invent ways to injure private business and balk the desires of private buyers, believe what the plant importers tell them, and add one more rivet to their conviction that we are living under a meddlesome and imperious government.

We have been at the pains to send one of the importers' circulars to the Department of Agriculture, and got a few circulars and explanations in reply, and that course is recommended to anyone who is moved by the nurserymen's complaints. The Department is trying to keep Bolshevik plant bugs and diseases out of the country, and has been advised by its experts and by experts of the several states that a limited quarantine, such as it has instituted, is the only way to do it. The Department does not think the quarantine is so oppressive as the complaining nurserymen make out. Most plant producers, it says, approve of it.

It explains how difficult the delousing process is in the case of plants which have roots with earth clinging to them, and how apt it is to kill the plant.

Only plant experts know about these matters, and they are liable to disagree. But readers who read statements on the backs of their spring plant-catalogues that make them want to run down to Washington and destroy the Department of Agriculture, are advised to try to get fuller information before doing so.

The Healthy Materialist

I AM Unrest.

There are various ways of calming me.

Put money in my purse. Put food in my stomach. Give me back my six-per-cent. beer. Start the movies moving.

I am quite human, and not naturally Bolshevik. But profiteers, eighteenth amendments and the murderous monotony of the films have made me look dangerous.

Unrest is merely movement looking for a place to rest.

Backfire

"WHAT'S that Prohibitionist so mad about?"

"The owner of a saloon in one of his buildings has cancelled his lease."

THE critics arrived after the world was created.



"MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO TASTE THIS, BUT I'M GOIN' TO FOOL HER"



BARS



THE EMPTY MANGER

Noise and Finance



NOW that the last popular government loan has been successfully put over, it may not be out of order to wonder whether the means devised for raising war-money will permit themselves to fall into desuetude. There is still money left in the pockets of the country, and

there are still objects of merit for its expenditure, and the money raisers may turn out to have acquired habits of which they cannot immediately break themselves.

To people who still have some money left, or expect it to come in, this is a thought that breeds disquietude. For their reassurance the suggestion may be offered that perhaps the methods of money-raising and the activity of those who use them are less potent than they have seemed. Possibly the last loan went over not entirely because of the din about it, but considerably because the terms were pretty good, and people knew that it was an imperative public obligation, and that they must take care of it.

Our method of floating loans is to float them on an immense noise. It's very like the Chinese method of curing disease. We laugh at the Chinese, and if they know about our habit of financial exploitation, they probably laugh at us.

The French are very much quieter in their fiscal operations, but they get the money.



Irate Passenger: IF YOU WANT TO READ MY PAPER SO BADLY YOU CAN HAVE IT!

MAY 29
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 73
No. 1909

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE flying men have captured the big headlines in the papers as LIFE goes to press. We read how Commander Read was first in the big jump from Halifax to the Azores, and how the adventurous Australian Hawker, after waiting six weeks in Newfoundland for good weather, when he saw the Americans get off for the Azores, could stand it no longer, but lit off himself, with Grieve, his skipper, and not merely for the Azores, but for all the way to Ireland. How far they got and what befell them has not at this writing been disclosed.

Fine stories these; worth their space and place; proper to the times. They help one to believe that man-flight will presently be prevalent and popular, and that in due time a Ford will be raised up to make it cheap. And they are fresh evidences that the powers of man and his dominion over matter continue to go forward, and that there is no limit in sight or even imaginable to what man may hope to learn or to do.

But after all, the thing that presses on attention just now is not so much the powers and knowledge of men as their deportment. The more they find out, and the more stunts they do, the more important it is that they should learn to behave. Everything in this world is secondary to righteousness and manners. If people are bad and rude, and continue to be so greedy, man-flight won't keep them from going to pot. On the contrary, it is just another accelerator to speed them faster on their course, wherever it leads. If

they are heading for hell, they'll get there sooner with man-flight. If they are moving towards improved relations and better standards of international deportment, possibly man-flight will help them in that direction. Let us hope they are so moving. The successful experiment in long distance flying brings the nations nearer together than ever, but they were already near enough to communicate their troubles and diseases to one another, and unless they are going to share the earth amicably, they had better be kept apart.



LET us hope that the increased prospect that every prospered person may presently have an airplane tethered in his back yard, and be able to go in it to Europe, or to business, or break his neck in it before breakfast, will help to bring home to Congress a proper sense of its responsibilities, and imbue it with a firm resolve to do its best to help mankind.

Congress has now met. It assembled on this day of writing, and will, doubtless, have operated appreciably before these words reach the reader. Under Providence it is at this time an extremely important body, with matters of enormous concern to handle. If it has a best it should produce it, for the world needs it.

And particularly the Senate.

The Senate must pass on the Peace treaty and the League of Nations. We

wish all the members of the Senate might be taken a good long ride on an ocean-going aeroplane, much of the way over water, just to bring it home to them that this world is moving rapidly, and is quite a different community from what it was when most of them began to be senators. And if it could be arranged that Mr. Lodge and Mr. Reed and Mr. Borah and some others could make descents in parachutes, it might be a good thing, since all these gentlemen need a jolt, and something to quicken their sense of public peril. Presumably the Peace treaty, League and all, will pass, not because the Republican Senators or all the Democrats will like it, but because the needs of the world will constrain a sufficient number of senators of all parties to vote for it as the best thing obtainable. The League of Nations, with powers of action as conditions change, and the Reparations Commission with huge powers of tempering the wind to shorn wolves, or otherwise, provide for the future settlement of a good many problems not yet worked out and make the treaty adjustable to facts that have not yet fully developed. To some extent they leave Europe in the hands of a court and make the whole treaty more flexible, and, possibly, more acceptable to some members of Congress who are wary of binding this country hard and fast to agreements that reach over seas.



VISCOUNT UCHIDA, the Japanese Foreign Minister, has disclosed from Tokio his regret that there should be so much distrust of the purpose of Japan to give back Shantung to China as she has agreed to do in due time, if she gets temporary privileges in it through the Peace treaty. This unfortunate distrust is based on an impression, believed to be sustainable by impressive citations of occurrences, that Japan, in times past, in her relations with China, has almost habitually said one thing and done another. Viscount Uchida deplores this distrust. He says that Japan is going to be absolutely square about Shantung, including the Kiao-Chau territory that she



"Mary had a little lamb"

recovered from the Germans, and that everybody ought to think so.

Another influential Japanese, Dr. Iyenaga of Tokio, declared at a dinner here the other night his confident belief that Japan would restore Kiao-Chau within two years.

One good thing about allowing Japan to be so prevalent in Shantung for a time, is that no other foreign power can get in there while she is there. It helps the expectation that she will presently make good her word about getting out, that Germany, who for years has been the shining example, adviser and instructor of the militarist element in Japan, has given a full and protracted exhibition of the final consequences of lies, spies, propaganda,

military coercion and thieving as governmental policies, and has gone to the scrap-heap. So long as Germany could make so brilliant a demonstration of how to play the game of the Western nations, it was natural that Japan, who is a pupil in that sport, should contain a strong party that made Germany its pattern. It is equally natural that the German collapse should be accompanied by confusion and loss of influence in that party. These last phenomena seem now to be going on in Japan. Self-preservation constrained Japan to become Westernized. She could only do it by imitation, and can she be blamed if she imitated what seemed to her to be the most successful of Western nations? In

the degree that lying and acquisition by force or wile go out of style, and political virtue becomes respected in Europe we may expect to see strengthened in Japan the element and the party that take pride in honorable dealings and forbearance towards the weak and engagements fulfilled.

Besides that, if the League of Nations goes through, there will be a competent power to see that its members fulfill their political engagements. If the League works well, it should be the best possible nurse and defence of China, which is still powerless to defend herself, as she also is to develop her own resources. She needs all kinds of help, but should not be suffered to pay too dear for it. The greatest function of the League promises to be to run an international nursery in which infant nations can be safe while they are growing up. Politically considered, China is an infant nation as much as Russia, Poland or Mexico, and because of her size, population and natural resources, enormously important.



MAXIMILIAN HARDEN does not at all approve of bringing the ex-Kaiser to trial. He says at some length that William is of no account, and never was of any real use, and now has quite lost his hold on the German imagination, and that it is a pity to breed sympathy for him by bringing him before a court.

That may be true, and a Paris dispatch says that the disposition to try William is diminishing. One reads that he has been inquiring what has become of the ample Hohenzollern fortune. If he should get it back, maybe he will go in for Society, if only he gets his clothes back and is allowed to live somewhere where Society can be cultivated. He has a great many clothes, including hundreds of costumes of no use to him any more in ordinary private life, though they might come in handy if he should go on the stage, and in Society could be worn at costume parties.

He is an embarrassment to Europe, and possibly that is the main argument for trying him.

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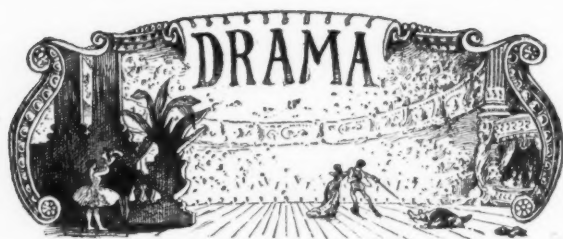
LIF



After-the-War ements
THE AIR-TRIGGER PA STATESMA

LIP





Winding Up a Remarkable Season



PRODUCED earlier in the year, "John Ferguson," too serious for summer entertainment, would have created a sensation among admirers of powerful drama well played, and doubtless have enjoyed a much longer run than is possible with warm weather close at hand. It is entirely Irish in atmosphere and character, but its story is great tragedy, progressing relentlessly and logically in humble surroundings. None of its persons is of heroic mold or endowed with the power of lofty expression, and the author seems to have given them little feeling for the seriousness of their experiences.

In Greek drama the story would have been made majestic and the inspiration of sonorous verse; a French author would have made it tremendously emotional and stirred his audiences to deep feeling; Mr. St. John Irvine has been content to let the story hold the interest intent through its simple telling and bring out in strong drawing the personalities of his rural characters. Those who see and hear this performance go away with the knowledge that they have been deeply impressed and have been witnesses to a fine artistic accomplishment.

"John Ferguson," who gives the play its title, is the aged and devout father of a family consisting of his wife, daughter and son. The action passes in the combined kitchen and living-room of his mortgaged farm-house. The daughter

goes to plead for delay in payment with the money-lender, who has been shown as a brutal personality. She returns having been made his victim by force. The youth she was to marry, the weakest but most emotional of the characters, is stirred to vengeance, but instead of wreaking it, only brings on himself what seems proof positive of the killing which has really been done by the taciturn but more resolute brother. In the end the brother, who might easily have escaped, surrenders himself to a justice which we know would, in the circumstances, be tempered with mercy.

NOT a complicated plot, but one which is skilfully developed to hold the interest in every line and situation. Through it we have moving, as a sort of Greek chorus, the old father and his Bible, the mother with her household duties, and an Irish beggar, all necessary in unfolding the story, and so drawn by the author that we never doubt their truth to life.

The acting is very little actory. There is little playing for "points," which heightens the realism. High praise is due to Mr. Augustin Duncan for his thorough understanding and reproduction of the father governed by the Scriptures; to Mr. Rollo Peters for the restrained force with which he plays the son and brother; to Mr. Dudley Digges as the unheroic but effective lover, and to Mr. Henry Herbert for his diction and acting as *Clutie*, the beggar. The women's parts are ungrateful ones, but Helen Freeman as the injured daughter and Helen Westley as the mother are always well in the picture.

"John Ferguson" stands out as one of the few really worthwhile accomplishments of the closing season.

"PRETTY SOFT" is not pretty bad—it is very bad in intent, in writing, in staging and in playing. It was produced obviously to cater to the most depraved theatrical taste.

Originally a French farce, it was brutalized by transferring its scene to London and substituting English coarseness for the grace that robs vice in France of some of its repulsiveness. The farcical situations are coarsened by their awkward handling. The cast, some of whose members should be above such material, acts badly, perhaps through the nervousness that comes with shamefacedness.

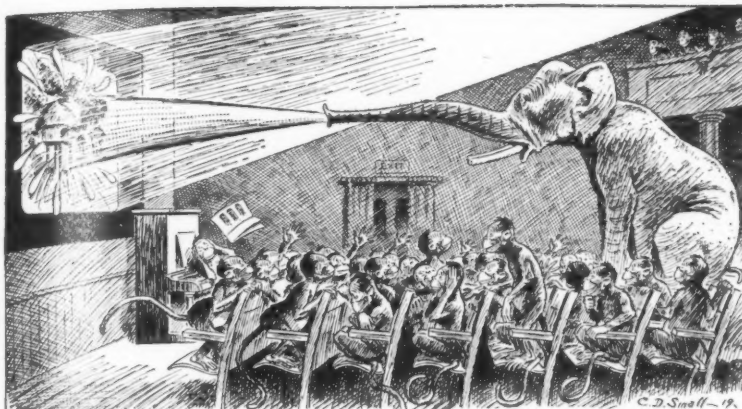
"Pretty Soft" is not likely to do much harm. It is too stupid to last long.



AND now to green fields and other occupations. The theatrical season has reached its end, so far as important new accomplishments are concerned. Owing to the abundance of strangers and money likely to be in New York this summer, more theatres than usual are bound to be open,



WHEN YOU TRY TO WHISTLE THAT PIECE TO THE GIRL IN THE MUSIC STORE



DURING A FIRE SCENE AT THE JUNGLE MOVIES MR. ELEPHANT MOMENTARILY LOSES HIS HEAD

but they will house only attractions that have not lost their drawing power and novelties of the most frivolous sort provided for the transient and indiscriminating visitors.

Although this has been a phenomenally prosperous theatrical season financially, it has been pretty bare of artistic achievement. Almost anything that could keep a theatre open long enough to get its name known has been sure to make money for its producers. Farces and girl-and-music shows have furnished the bulk of the entertainment, almost to the complete exclusion of anything of serious

value. "Redemption" and "The Jest" were fine accomplishments on the higher plane, but they stand almost alone, although Mr. Mantell and Mr. Hampden's daylight performances have saved New York from the reproach of a season without Shakespeare. The season of 1918-19 will always be noted for demonstrating that plethoric box-offices do not necessarily mean artistic achievement.

However, the war is over, the American government is coming home pretty soon, and then everything will be straightened out the way it ought to be.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymen, with Fay Bainter. Picturesque drama of Chinese-American life in San Francisco, well acted.

Belasco.—"Dark Rosaleen," by Messrs. Hepenstall and Kane. Amusing and well played comedy of Irish character.

Belmont.—"Who Did It?"

Bijou.—"Love Laughs," by Mr. George D. Parker.

Booth.—"I Love You," by Mr. Wm. Le Baron. Amusing comedy demonstration that the time, the place and the girl induce love.

Broadhurst.—"39 East," by Rachel Crothers. Another exposition of the comedy and possible sentiment of life in a boarding-house.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Girl-and-music show of the usual diverting qualities.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Bafunno. Girl-and-music show with Nonette and her fiddling the principal feature.

Century Roof.—Cabaret as a cure for midnight drowsiness.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." More than ordinarily vivacious girl-and-music show.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow," by Mr. J. T. Foote. Pleasant comedy with a surrounding of the old Virginia atmosphere.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bainsfather and Eliot. Diverting demonstration that to the British soldier life at the front was not all gloom.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Interesting dramatic episodes in the domestic life of New York bachelors.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collison and Harbach. Bedroom farce based on the adventures of a bit of feminine lingerie.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Fantastic and bright comedy analysis of character.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Come-On Charlie," by Mr. George V. Hobart. Laughable effects of an over-dose of headache powders.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Take It From Me," by Messrs. Johnstone and Anderson. Girl-and-music show of amusing moments, although more than usually absurd.

Fulton.—"Please Get Married," by Messrs. Cullen and Browne. Really funny bedroom farce.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The divorce atmosphere of Reno reproduced as the background for a well played character comedy.

Garrick.—"John Ferguson," by St. John G. Irvine. See above.

Globe.—"She's a Good Fellow," by Kern and Caldwell. Girl-and-music show pleasantly staged and with the Duncan sisters the distinguishing feature.

Henry Miller's.—"La La Lucille," by Mr. Fred Jackson.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann

and Bernard. The humor and pathos in the situation of the American of German birth during the recent war.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Well acted and highly interesting spy drama.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. The French war orphans and their softening influence on the heart of the American bachelor shown in well acted and agreeable comedy.

Lyric.—"The Lady in Red," by Winterberg and Caldwell. Girl-and-music show, thoroughly red-peppered.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Mighty well acted and bright American polite comedy.

Morosco.—"Pretty Soft," adapted from the French by Mr. Paul M. Potter. See above.

Nora Bayes.—"Toot Sweet." Curious but amusing exposition of the sort of thing that gave pleasure to our soldiers abroad.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. Old-fashioned sentimental rural drama with a modern war touch.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Benelli, with Messrs. John and Lionel Barrymore. Absorbing and very well staged and played costume tragedy.

Republic.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Melodrama of crime and divorce, interesting and well done.

Schwyn.—"Tumble In," by Rinehart and Hopwood. The fun of "Seven Days" well preserved in girl-and-music form.

Shubert.—"Good Morning, Judge." Pignero's "The Magistrate" subjected to the girl-and-music treatment, with fair success.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. The sleeping-car and its possibilities again utilized for humorous and sentimental occurrences.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." Elaborate and gorgeous girl-and-music entertainment for the t. h. m., his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—"Midnight sleepiness counteracted by cabaret entertainment."



The Vampire said: "I proudly claim To be the Master at this game, For every victim I have bled I've vamped until I left him dead!" The Vamp replied: "You're quite passé. I leave my victims enchanted. So pleased they are they can't refrain From wanting to be vamped again."



THOSE ACRES AT BROADWAY AND FORTY-SECOND STREET
IF THE DUTCH FARMER WHO SOLD THEM HAD ONLY KNOWN!

The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all, \$337,238.97, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,895,368 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

D. H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 3705 \$73
The Scoco Chicago Baby Fund Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 3706, 3707 and 3708 219

RENEWALS: MRS. O. H. Fisher, Ypsilanti, Mich., \$73; R. T. Lacombe, New York City, \$15; D. H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., \$73; Mary Tirzah Plaisted, San Francisco, Cal., \$73; R. B. R., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$73; The battalion of students and the teachers at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., \$73; Edith, Carol and Peggy, Cleveland, Ohio, \$73; Winsor, Teddy and Joe, Cleveland, Ohio, \$73; Hollister and Malcolm Smith, Oakland, Cal., \$10; John E. Williams, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$14.60; Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Redfield, New York City, \$73; B. W. Whitfield, Kitts, Ky., \$73; "In memory of Aunt Vie," Schenectady, N. Y., \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Frances Hill, Lakewood, Ohio, \$26; Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$3; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; Frank S. Johnston, Charleston, S. C., \$10; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church, Bishop, Cal., \$20; S. C. Hodges and J. W. Sproles, Greenwood, S. C., \$12; Saturday Morning Club of School No. One, Yonkers, N. Y., \$16; Troop 3, Boy Scouts of America, Sound Beach, Conn., \$5; Lucie Weilenman, Shaw, Miss., \$6; Mary McCamant, El Paso, Texas, \$7; Ina Blue, Izetta Shales and Florence Sweetwood, Detroit, Mich., \$3; "In memory of Hazel Jane Rupert," Pelham, N. Y., \$13; "A Friend," Lyons, N. Y., \$3.50; The Women's Club of St. Johnsbury, Vt., \$57.

BABY NUMBER 3698

Already acknowledged \$72.80
Anonymous20

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3715

Thomas Gilman Barber and Marguerite Annie Barber, Reading, Mass.	\$2
B. Eloise Ingalls, Newark, N. J.	7.07
John B. Brown, San Diego, Cal.	5
A Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, New York City.	10
Mrs. H. W. MacKenzie, Portsmouth, Va.	10
Total	\$30.07



UPSTARTS

Sink-Scrubbing Hearts Are Happiest

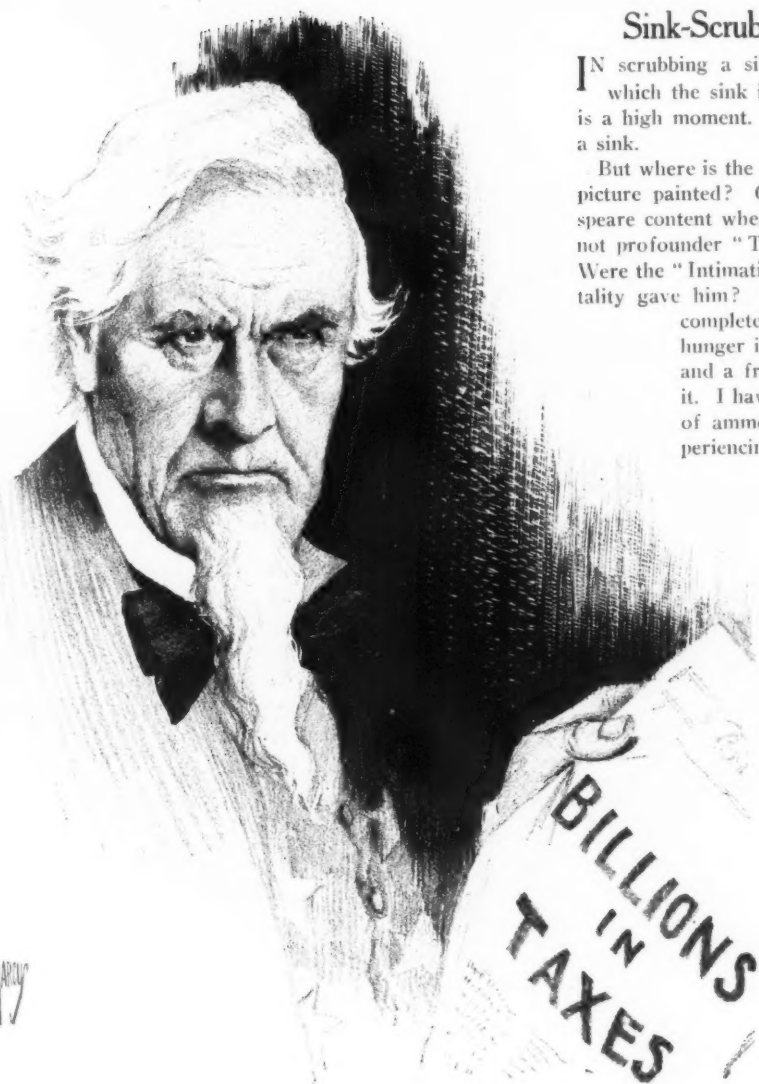
IN scrubbing a sink there is always a definite moment in which the sink is scrubbed, in which the sink is clean. It is a high moment. Let any who doubts this statement scrub a sink.

But where is the moment in which a poem is written? Or a picture painted? Or music quite transposed? Was Shakespeare content when he had finished "Hamlet"? Were there not profounder "Tempests" in his soul than that he wrote? Were the "Intimations" Wordsworth gave us all that Immortality gave him? Is a poem ever finished, a work of art complete? This torture of incompleteness is the hunger in every poet's eyes. . . . Art is a cheat and a fraud compared to scrubbing sinks. I know it. I have just scrubbed a sink. It shines; it smells of ammonia; it is clean; it is finished. I am experiencing a high moment.

Housework is absorbing; housework is definite. Art is not. There are no isms connected with housework. One goes ahead and does things. "I cannot be expected to write poetry," I say to myself, and feel completely vindicated, "when there are beds to be made and floors to be swept and tomatoes to be skinned and set on ice for dinner, and when the mayonnaise won't mix." Housework is a complete round. There are no interims in which to write unfinished poems.

I am sure it was some desperate artist who invented three meals a day. It is the three meals that make the circle complete. If we ate but once a day, or even twice, artists would be driven in on themselves, artists would be driven back to art. Italians eat only two meals a day, and see what they have done in art! It makes me shudder.

I am glad my cook left me to be married. Her slavery is my emancipation: I am free of poetry. There is something superb about an omelette



"WHERE DOES IT GO?"

Distinctions

MORE queenly now she casts her eye
On gaudy youths as they go by;
A certain haughtiness she wears
As through the window pane she stares.

And those she knew a year ago
As well might be in Navajo.
And what has made the lady vain?
She owns a fine new monoplane!

THE woman who did her share of
war work now plays bridge with
a far-away look in her eyes.

Inevitable Result

THE joy-killers had succeeded even
beyond their expectations, and
every innocent amusement in the land
was taboo.

It was at this point that an ordinary human being met a fanatic, and said:

"You must be happy, now that you have succeeded in all your designs."

"On the contrary, I'm most unhappy," answered the fanatic. "Life is no longer worth living, for no one has a pleasure left that I can forbid him to indulge in."



"STRONG DRINK IS RAGING"



EAST



WEST

that is light and delicately brown. I don't wonder cooks grow fat. I am beginning to feel fatter. My soul feels fatter. . . .

I gather up the odds and ends from the drain of the sink. I scrub the sink. I set the cup-towels prim upon the rack. I put the empty milk bottles on the back-porch for the milkman who comes clattering up the alley in the dawn. . . . How tragic it is that civilization permits only milkmen to view the miracle of dawn! Think of the irony of watching the sun rise over the alleys. . . . I spread a newspaper on the stove. The headlines jump at me—and fall away—the League of Nations falls away!—because I remember the pan beneath the icebox must be emptied.

Lo! it is finished. I look upon my work, and find it good. The doorbell rings!

There is something fascinating about answering the doorbell. Something mysterious. It may be a tramp. All tramps have poets' eyes; some day I shall try to become friends with a tramp. There are things I want to know that only tramps have learned. Or it may be the census-taker, who puts down scrubbers-of-sinks and makers-of-omelettes as women of no occupation. Or it may be a maid answering my "ad."

It was. I have engaged her. She is coming in an hour. I am afraid she is a very excellent maid. I look at my sink across widening gulfs. It was too good to last.

HOSPITALITY

Too True

DOUGHBOY (*made irritable by shell shock, parading with his regiment through a crowd of vociferously cheering citizens*): I wish dey'd shut up der noise!

PESSIMISTIC DOUGHBOY (*marching at other's side*): Dey will if you asks dem for a job.



Smith: HOORAY! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO OPEN THAT DRAWER FOR MONTHS!



FACE TO FACE

A Poet

To the World

THIS is the soul of all my lays,
This is the goal of all my days,
That you shall not forget:
That all the good in what I've said
May still have stood, when I'm long
dead,
Within your memory yet.

I am a poet. I am young.
(You know it—for I speak your
tongue.)

But time goes by so fast!
And may it be, when I am gray,
That you shall see, in what I say,
Some lesson that shall last.

The name I bore when I was here—
The form I wore—may not be clear:
But if some thought of mine can give
To any man a higher worth
For his short span upon the earth—
Then not in vain I live!

I do not sigh for deathless fame.
You need not try to keep my name
Remembered. Take what I have
said:

And if you through it better grow,
It shall be true—and I shall know
That I still live though I am dead!
Joseph Andrew Galahad.



PROSPECTIVE TENANT TRYING TO GET VIEW OF PARK MENTIONED IN "AD"



YOUNG WHITESTONE, HAVING WON HIS FIRST CASE, RECEIVES HIS FIRST FEE

Fords at Bordeaux

THE *Wall Street Journal* reports that the English are paying fabulous prices for motor cars. "Fords that were bought four years ago for \$725 now fetch \$1100, and landaulette bodies on Ford chassis sell readily for \$1500."

It makes one wonder what became of 4500 Ford cars in their crates, as unloaded, which as late as February were reported standing in a field near Bordeaux and rusting in the rain. They belonged to the French government, which at that time would neither use nor sell them, not even to the Ford Company for re-exportation. They haunted the dreams of the American engineer who told about them.

But, after all, the essential ingredients of a Ford do not dissolve in rain, and probably the French government remembered that Fords crank easier in summer, and was waiting for the season to warm up.

LOVE is the only game in which the amateur has a better chance than the professional.



First I. W. W.: WHATCHA GONNA DO NEXT YEAR, BILL?
 Second I. W. W.: DON'T KNOW FER SURE.
 First I. W. W.: WHATA YUH THINK YUH'LL DO?
 Second I. W. W.: WELL, THEY TOLD ME AT THE COMMITTEE MEETIN' LAS' NIGHT THAT EF I
 AIN'T CONVICTED AND SENT TUH THE PEN FER BLOWIN' UP THAT TRESTLE AND KILLIN' ALL THEM
 PEOPLE, I CUD RUN FER VICE-PRESIDENT OR SENATOR FROM MONTANA.

Efficiency

IN the year 2000 the ceremony over the last American veteran of the Great War was taking place.

Through the crowd there pushed his way excitedly a postman, who laid upon the bier a package.

It was the dead veteran's Christmas box, mailed to him in France from New York in October, 1918.

"BETTY, I wish you'd tell Billy and Anna to stop playing with those Ainsworth children. Their social standing is growing a bit questionable."

"Why, is that right?"

"Yes, it leaked out at a director's meeting last night that they have the poorest stocked cellar in town."

WHEN a man is willing to admit he is a fool, the chances are he isn't.



Mrs. Frog: DO YOU THINK YOUNG MR. TURTLE WILL EVER BE SUCCESSFUL IN A FINANCIAL WAY?

Mr. Frog: I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE'LL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO KEEP A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD.



Their Appearance

"It is remarkable," philosophically said the Old Codger, "that the man who does not know much of anything and knows that little all askew, usually assumes the tone and attitude of one who knows everything and is aware that when he departs this life wisdom will die with him. This appearance is most often found in horse doctors, grocery-store sages and trifling sons-in-law, such as mine."—*Country Gentleman*.

A Back Number

"Nebuchadnezzar is in a state of high indignation," exclaimed one attendant.

"What has happened?" inquired another.

"When he went out to eat some grass this morning he found a profiteer had been ahead of him with a lawn mower."

—*Washington Star*.

Wise men say that if we could see ourselves as others see us, we wouldn't believe it.—*Tit-Bits*.

HE: If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?

SHE: No, not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family.

—*Nebraska Awgwan*.



HOME PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO MADE A FORTUNE
ON A PATENT CIGAR LIGHTER

The Time-Keeper

A sailor who was spending the evening of his life in the country, was very proud of his watch, which for nearly thirty years had never once gone wrong.

Early one morning he roused a visitor who was staying with him, and together they set out to see the sun rise. The host kept consulting first his watch and then a calendar which gave the times of the sun's rising and setting.

There was a long wait in the pale, vague dawn. Presently, tapping his watch with his forefinger, the sailor said:

"If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half, he'll be late."

—*Tit-Bits*.

What Could Be Simpler?

"Why do you always type your letters old top?"

"Saves brain-fag, dear boy. I just type 'My Darling' and then tap away at the jolly old 'X,' and—er—well, there you are!"—*Passing Show, London*.

To the small boy there can be no more flagrant injustice than a tax on soda water and none on castor oil.

—*New York Sun*.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the issue to be affected.

"One every five minutes"

"It's properly only a little indispepsha—give her one of these Life Savers." Bills for pills for trifling ills become hole-ly unnecessary when you get the Life Saver habit.

When your blood-pressure rises, take a Life Saver and cool off. When children are cross and fretful, give them Life Savers. Pure sugar and pure flavors, everything good in Life Savers. A hole roll for a nickel anywhere, any time. Be sure to get genuine Life Savers. You can tell them by the little round hole that goes clear through.



LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Four Holesome Flavors

PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE

5c





SOLVING THE INFLATION PROBLEM

POSSIBLY you may have wondered why it is that Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are such good containers of air and why they last so long.*

The most dramatic answer to that query is the giant gas bags which Goodyear builds.

Essentially the same underlying principles of construction with which Goodyear solved the inflation problem for lighter-than-air craft apply to the manufacture of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

Nine years of pioneering have proved that

rubberized fabrics, *built up layer-upon-layer*, form the most practical container for the elusive gas of the balloon.

Logically, therefore, this same *built-up* principle of construction proves most effective in the manufacture of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes where the inflation problem is greatly simplified.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are made of pure grey rubber, built up and cured together, *layer-upon-layer*—many plies thick. Then the valve-patch is firmly *vulcanized-in*.

Small wonder that these tubes hold air tenaciously and last remarkably long!

Our dealers tell us repeatedly that car-owners who are once persuaded to pay the slightly added cost of these thick, grey tubes, will have no other kind from that day on.

For they soon learn that these tubes are the best form of tire insurance—that they work well *with* and protect good casings.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Dispassionate

Sven had been nursing logs down the chute to the buzz saw for several hours when the boss came along.

"This bane too much vark for one man," Sven told him.

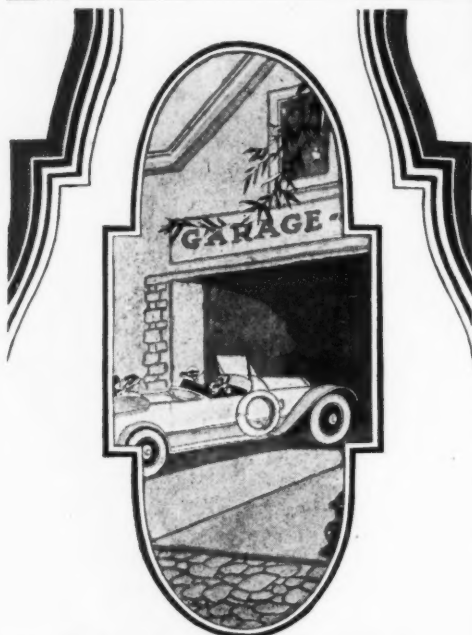
"All right," said the boss, "I'll send John down to help you."

An hour passed and the boss came past again. Sven made the same complaint:

"This bane too much vark for one man."

"But I sent John down to help you. Where is he?"

"Yohn, he ain't bane here some time. He vent down between two logs. I tank he quit his job."—*N. Y. Globe.*



Reliable Garage Service

IT will save you money on the road to know where reliable storage and repair service can be found. Only garages that have been carefully investigated are recommended in

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The Standard Road Guide of America

Just one overcharge in some garage you know nothing about may cost you many times the price of the Blue Book.

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FACTORY AND DEPOT NEW YORK

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Politic

"What's the idea of starting this new sensational investigation?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "it seems necessary to do something to take people's minds off a lot of other investigations that there doesn't seem to be any way to finish."—*Washington Star.*

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

The Passing Throng

YOUNG WIFE (in the country): This is a nice place you've brought me to. We've been here for four months and I haven't seen a new face!

HUB: No new face! Why, my dear, we've changed our help eight times.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"MEXICO Says She Doesn't Recognize Monroe Doctrine." There have been times when Monroe himself wouldn't have recognized it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE famous lost fable of Aesop has been found. Here it is: A rich man wished to decide to which of his three sons he should will his fortune. In turn they were brought to a table on which were a bag of gold, a bottle of wine and a folded parchment. The first son chose the gold, the next the wine, the third the parchment. To the last the man left his property, saying, My first son will be a spendthrift, my second a drunkard, but my third is wise enough to become a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE. MORAL: Wisdom is better than wealth or pleasure.



"MA, PA AND ME"

*The Centre of Social Life
Convenient to Theatres and Shops*

THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK



Turtle. LOOK HERE, YOU SWINDLER! YOU SAID THAT LOT I BOUGHT WAS ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STATION!

A Modern Monarch

IN rushed Wilberforce, breathing fiercely, eyes staring wildly, arms waving, book in hand.

"What in the world is wrong?" I demanded, reaching for the fire-extinguisher.

"I am stronger than you"—puff—"I can command you to act"—puff, puff—"You are responsive to my will," he iterated again and again, finally ending in a wail as I placed my knee against his chest and pinned him to the wall.

Unable to force him into coherency, I snatched the book out of his hand and read the title, "The Mystery of Personal Magnetism Fully Explained, or How to Eclipse Another's Will, by Prof. M. Stic Jones."

"Has this anything to do with your ravings?" I asked, releasing him warily.

"Yes, I was just practicing on you—projecting my aura."

"But why the steam exhaust and the calisthenics?" I persisted sternly.

"Why, the book says," and he read,

"When you are excited you breathe hard. When you breathe hard you are full of energy. Therefore simulate excitement by the proper breath-rhythm, and you will absorb energy and mag-

Boy! "Page" Admiral Von Tirpitz! — Who's afraid of Submarines? This RUBBERSET Brush isn't!



Rubberset Company,
Newark, N. J.

c/o C. R. Stewart, Jersey City, N. J.
Supt. Marine Dept.
Eric R. R. Co.
March 18th, 1917.

Gentlemen:
I have one of your Rubberset Shaving Brushes that went down with the sea-going tug Albert J. Stone when she sank three miles southeast of Seaconnet Point, R. I., on the 4th of August last year. She was raised on the 8th of December, and pumped out on the 11th, and while looking for some of my things I lost when she sank, I found my shaving brush and was surprised to find it in as good condition as ever after being at the bottom of the Atlantic over four months. I think such a test is very good evidence of the durability of the Rubberset Brushes.

(Signed)

Yours respectfully,
H. W. MULKE,
Chief Engineer,
Tug Albert J. Stone.

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OF UNSOLICITED ADS
NOT WRITTEN BY OUR
ADVERTISING MAN.

RUBBERSET
LATHER HAIR TOOTH TRADE MARK PAINT VARNISH STUCCO
BRUSHES
every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

netism from the air. . . . Project the magnetism from your body and from your mind, weaving the two together like the strands of a thread, and your personal aura will reach out and overpower whomsoever you will."

"And have you tried this on anyone else?"

"Well, yes," sheepishly, "I projected my aura toward Nettie Burns, sitting next to me at church last night, repeating, 'You feel like doing as I wish you

to do; look at me'—just as the book says. She suddenly turned around and slapped my face.

"I tried to energize my aura with good-will at the box office last night, but the ticket man gave me a seat behind a post and short-changed me four dollars. So I thought I'd better practice at home."

Out he went to subdue an innocent world, jaw set, brow wrinkled as if in pain, eyes popping out, and breathing like a calliope.



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for use at home

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GINGER
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With Twin Beds, \$5.00 to \$7.00

The Hollenden
Cleveland



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Is Not a Profiteer.

In Spite of

the absurd Burleson zone law which, after July first, will largely increase the cost of delivering mail to the Western and South-Western States;

In Spite of

the largely increased cost of coated and super-calendered paper;

In Spite of

the great advance in the wages of union labor affecting compositors, pressmen, feeders and binders;

In Spite of

increased salaries, rent, and price of all materials, LIFE did not increase its prices during the war and has not increased them since the war. Unless something unforeseen occurs the price of LIFE will remain the same as before, and uniform, regardless of zones.

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**Skin Tortured
Babies Sleep
After Cuticura**

All druggists. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Tacum 25
Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston.

The Song of the Tea

(It is proposed that tea be made the national drink)

WITH temper frazzled and worn,
As grumpy as he could be,
A man stood round in unmanly scenes,
Drinking a cup of tea.

And it's oh, to be a slave
In a land where glasses clink,
Far beyond Prohibition's wave,
If this is a Christian drink!

Tea, tea, tea,
Till the cock is crowing aloof;
And tea, tea, tea,
In the garden on the roof.

Cream, lemon or milk?
Milk, lemon or cream?
Till over the teacups I fall asleep
And stir my tea in a dream.

Tea, tea, tea,
Dispensed by a smiling host;
And what comes with it? A bit of cake,
A crust of bread, or toast.

A stifling room, a polished floor,
A table, a gilded chair—
And a thirst so rank, my barber I thank
For the smell of bay rum on my hair.

Oh, but to get a breath
Down in a certain street—
With the well-known frescoes above my
head,
And the rail beneath my feet!

For only one short hour
To drink as I used to drink,
Before I knew the woes of a tea—
(The kind that the girls call pink!)

Oh, but for one short hour—
A respite, however small—
One dry Martini, or a Bronx,
Or a single Scotch highball!



The Psychology of the dotted line

The one thing that distinguishes a salesman from a mere order taker is the ability to know when the exact moment has arrived to put the important order or contract before the other fellow and say—here's where you sign.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

has made it the silent but efficient contributor to the reputation and profit of many of the world's best salesmen.

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*Self Filling
Safety
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Points for every
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"CUESTA-REY"
TAMPA — SINCE 1884 — HAVANA

A little whisky would ease my mind—
But alas! it is not for me—
And my tears must stop, for every drop
Weakens my cup of tea.

Cream, lemon or milk?
Fudge! fiddle-de-dee!
Still with a voice all parched with thirst
I sing the fluid, despised, accurst!
I sing the song of the tea!

Carolyn Wells.

PEARY may have discovered the North
Pole, in spite of the fact that Congress gave him credit for it.

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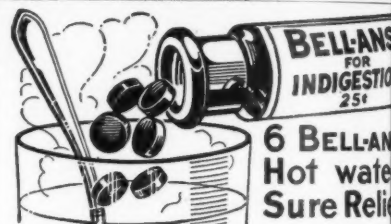


of cigars for office boy before entering thirty-sixth floor. Takes everything.

Woman's Helper. Articles desired about false hair, and one-egg receipts. Also short stories, domestic in tone. Pays ten years after publication, in stock. Lady editors.

The Story Teller's Own. Accepts any kind of story that gets there, and grips. Pays according to position in ad pages. Young authors welcomed.

Authors should remember that oftentimes manuscripts are rejected for many other reasons than lack of merit. The editors may be away at a prize fight, or



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

the owner of the paper may be taking, at the moment, a sudden interest in the editorial policy; or the advertising manager may object—any one of a thousand reasons may stand in the way. Better send your manuscript to us direct, and let us put you on right track. Here is one of many letters constantly received:



WILLIE'S IDEA OF HOW HE COULD GET INTO HEAVEN

HOTEL ASPINWALL LENOX, MASS.

High and Cool in the Berkshires
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Opens June 14. Elevation 1400 feet.
Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service.
HOWE & TWOROGGER, Managers
Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

DEAR SIR: Fourteen years ago I wrote a short story and sent it to over seventy papers, each one returning it with thanks. I finally sent it to you for revision, and last week four periodicals took it and each one sent me a check. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I feel that I am on the high road to success.

Another!

DEAR SIR: I am a young Southern lady with a passionate desire to write. In fact, I have been writing ever since I left school, at the early age of eleven. Since subscribing to your Bureau I have had nine novels accepted by leading publishers, and am now supporting my husband.

Answers to Correspondents

A. B. C.—Your child's saying is too abrupt. Instead of starting off with the joke, always begin with, "My little five-year-old boy." This gives tone to the humor, and is strictly original. The fact that your joke has been said by eleven thousand other children need not make any difference. Editors are always glad to print it. Remit one dollar.

Caroline S.—The spelling and grammar of your eight-hundred-page novel are atrocious, but that need make no difference, as every publisher employs a competent proofreader. Our principal objection to it is that it is too short. Could you not pad it to twice the size? We shall be glad to do this in our office for one hundred dollars (in advance).

Reginald—At first we thought we grasped the meaning of your fine poem, but after re-reading it we saw that we had not. In its present form it ought to go in any first-class magazine.

Clara B.—Don't be discouraged. You haven't been seeking the right market.

"THE VALUES THAT HAVE MADE W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY, ARE BEING STEADILY MAINTAINED"



W.L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

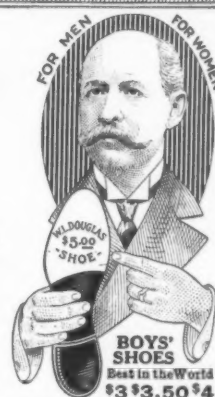
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Direct from factory to home
Charges prepaid in the U. S.

Take comfort and rest in the open air.



THE ORIGINAL and GENUINE

Howe has all-quality construction—built up to an ideal and not to a price. Standard in bed hammocks for thirty years. Used extensively at summer resorts, clubs, camps and in homes of people who value and demand comfort. Made in (government standard) non-flammable, 21-oz. U. S. Khaki or white sail duck that will resist wind, water and rough usage—Costs a few dollars more, but will outlast ten one-dollar hammocks. Send for catalogue.

It's made of canvas we can make it. SAVE THIS AD.
E. L. ROWE & SON, INC., Workers in Canvas
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OH, THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!

ROSS'S



When you taste it you know it's imported from Belfast. Only Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale can taste like that.

And you know it comes from Belfast when you read the label, for nowadays labels must declare nativity.

You have missed imported ginger ale the past few years. Now Ross's Ginger Ale comes back to you—comes straight from Belfast, despite unsettlement in Ireland.

ROSS'S
the imported
BELFAST
Ginger Ale



A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST IGNORING MATTER

Your photograph discloses that you are an extraordinarily handsome woman. Try calling personally on the editors.

General Directions to Writers

Always write a long letter to the editor with your manuscript, which may not be plain to him, but if the letter explains what it means, he will be duly grateful and may accept it. Nothing so welcome to a busy editor as a long letter.

Never fail to write a polite letter of protest, if your manuscript is rejected. You can vary this from time to time. Write him the first time that you are quite positive he did not read it personally, but left it to some subordinate. The second time you can state that you are sure there must be some mistake, as you have seen so many worse things in his paper than the one you sent. If he fails to apologize, write him again and tell him that you have been a successful author now for nineteen years, having contributed to the leading periodicals of the world, and this is the very first time in all your experience that an editor has so far debased himself as to fail to reply to a polite letter.

Always call every editor up by telephone before mailing manuscript and explain who you are. This is a psychological rule, and suggests the thought beforehand that your manuscript must be accepted.

In case of an acceptance, call the next morning with an aggrieved air and explain that you haven't yet received a check. Thus your reputation for being a business person will have its effect.

When meeting the editor socially, tell him before others that you were so glad he sent back your last story, as it enabled you to get it in somewhere else at double the rates he pays.

Remember, we are always glad to hear from everybody. Price list sent on application.

Address

LIFE'S LITERARY BUREAU.

Books Received

The Lady of the Night Wind, by Varick Vanardy. (The Macaulay Company.)

The Hoosier Schoolmaster, by Edward Eggleston. (Grosset & Dunlap.)

Courage, by Jeannette Marks. (The Woman's Press.)

The Toys of Peace, by H. H. Munro ("Saki"). (John Lane Company.)

Jungle Tales of Tarzan, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

Ruth of the U. S. A., by Edwin Balmer. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

The Challenge of the War, by Henry Frank. (The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.)

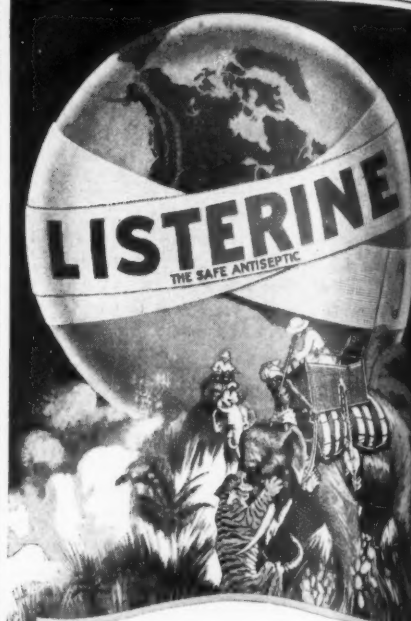
Mexico Under Carranza, by Thomas E. Gibbon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Art of Photoplay Writing, by E. F. Barker. (Colossus Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.)

The Azure Rose, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. (The Macaulay Company.)

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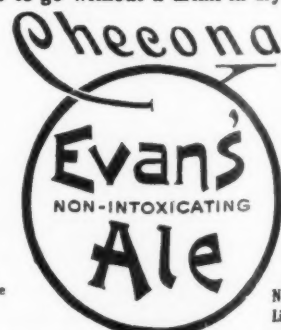
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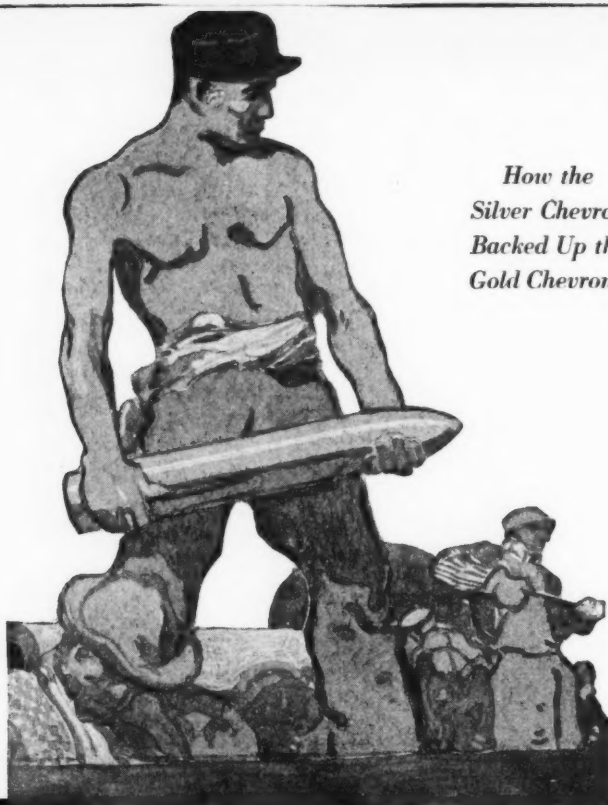


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